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# The Oak Tree



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## Chapter 1 by Mady

I stared out the window. Soft green grass framed by a grey clouded sky. Flowers some of them weeds, brave enough to show their heads through the grass waving in the wind. I always thought they were pretty, those weeds.

My grandmother had taught me how to pull them from the garden, I used to go back to the weeding pile and take them out. I'd place them in an old jar on my dresser. They were so beautiful, bright white, fragile.

My gaze was drawn as always to the oak tree. Towering in the skyline, its huge thick branches shaking slightly in the wind. Green, so much green. I thought back to that day when...

## Chapter 2 by JM



... we first moved here. I was so small that I was dwarfed by roots which rose from the ground, long and thick like dragons of the earth. For months, I had nightmares about those roots rising from the ground and stealing me from my bedroom while I slept. They would take me back to the oak tree and drag me into the earth with them. There, my hair would fall out and my skin

would harden and turn the same ashy brown colour of their bark.

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I would wake up screaming, and I would find myself lying face down in the grass, right in the middle of the path leading to where the tree stood.

He would tell me about the cold, the cold so cold that my teeth

chattered. He would tell me about the weeds, about how it is

them who fear us - and gradually, the dream changed.

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Gone was the fear of being dragged down beneath the earth. In its place was...

### Chapter 3 by Abby Evans



... something I thought to be even worse. The scene of determined people, ready to take what was never theirs. They sat inside of bulldozers and looked out into the forest as if they were sitting on top of a throne, a crown placed on their heads and a wicked smirk planted across their face.

The people began to tear up the trees from the ground, ignoring their struggles of protests as they clung to the earth in a futile attempt to keep their home. One tree after another, the small but once mighty forest was mangled down to nothing.

As the people looked out into a job they thought well done, they saw an oak tree standing in the middle of the clearing, as tall and as beautiful as ever. It seemed to radiate light.

The days past as several people attempted to drag up the tree from the ground, but still it refused to give up its life.

### Chapter 4 by Kiri



#### **\*I saw him\***

The last tree standing, my precious tree. A tree where its roots are as long as my memories with it. A tree where many a time my family have picnicked underneath its beautiful bows. A tree where no rain or snow or sleet can take down this mighty oak.

The oak tree could take all that mother nature threw at it, but it is the humans that can make it come toppling down in several swift blows. How can humans be so vulnerable, yet so cruel? We are enslaved to earthquakes, tsunamis, and hurricanes, but we flaunt our power over the parts of nature we can control.

Trees bring us back to our roots, in the literal sense and the metaphorical sense. This oak tree

stood the test of time and deserves to be left alone. We punish those who violate our laws of trespassing, but who is the advocate for the trees?

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We will continue bulldozing through the obstacles we encounter until there is nothing left. Stop. And remember. There is nothing to be gained from unnecessary destruction.

The fight for my oak tree continues...

### Chapter 5 by Ichigo



The oak tree symbolizes unity and a place where people can co-exist. The world isn't like this. There is no unity or co-exist...anywhere. The oak tree has it...it's just me and it against the world. Humans, the ones who want peace so bad, start wars. And we think they're incredible? A single tree can symbolize so much that even the smartest humans cannot comprehend?? That is why I fight for my tree. It is the world that does not exist. It stands tall and even when people try to cut it down, it refuses. But, it refuses in the most peaceful way. It's not a violent fight. It simply stands there and refuses to move. I love my tree. I fight for my tree.

So late in the middle of the night, I heard a chainsaw. I heard this and my heart leaped. But even as my heart leaped, I was strangely calm inside. For I knew the oak tree was doing its job. It was standing bold and tall. I went to sleep on that thought and it was the last thought I was ever going to have about the tree when it was living...

### Chapter 6 by -



It had died. Like a soldier in battle - standing tall and strong to the end. It had brought much pleasure, and now it was only a legend, to some a myth.

But now that it was gone, it was my duty to spread its tale. To keep its spirit alive. To believe that even after death, it could continue to live within each of us...

### Chapter 7 by -



For the next many years, I started my on movement. I traveled around the country spreading stories about The Oak Tree. I would give out seeds and encourage parents to plant a family tree.

Something that their children could grow up with, and make memories with.

Often, I was just given a sarcastic look from the younger men. They usually just take me for insane.

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Older ladies would sit rocking on the porch, and silently shake their head in agreement. But they would say that they were too old to get on their knees and plant something that they wouldn't even be around long enough to see sprout.

Children were different though. They would crowd about me with their hands on their hips and their heads cocked to the side and their eyes squinting, trying to grasp every word. After I finished my story, they would all eagerly put out their hands for a seed, and then happily run away to plant them.

Those were the best times. The moments when I felt there was hope for legacy of The Oak Tree. And so I continued to spread the tales.

### Chapter 8 by -



I continued for many years. But a time came, when I could no longer walk without shooting up my spin. Or my legs becoming weak.

I bought a small cabin in the middle of a wood. With big, tall oak trees surrounding the home. I would spend my days rocking on a swing underneath the shade provided by the trees.

I would think of my troublesome childhood. Reflect upon my futile teenage years. And smile at my middle age movement. Of how many people's lives I had touched. Of the many children I brought pleasure to. Of the joy in spreading the tales of The Oak Tree.

And now, I can rest in peace. Knowing that with the end of me, does not come the end of legends. I could die knowing that my stories would live on.

That even without me, The Oak Tree would live on.

**the end**

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